The Seed Sower.

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Freedom.

"Free is the eagle's wing
As it cleaves the sun's warm ray;
Free is the mountain spring
As it rushes forth to-day:
But freer far the mind,
Priceless its liberty:
No hand must dare to bind,
God made it to be free!

"You may fetter the eagle's wing,
No more through clouds to soar;
You may seal the mountain spring,
That it leap to light no more;
But the mind, let none dare chain;
Nobler its destiny!
Born as a king to reign,
God made it to be free!

"Free is the summer breeze,
Floating from any heights;
Free are the flowing seas,
And free heaven's golden light;
But freer than light, or air,
Or the ever-rolling sea,
Is the mind beyond compare,
God made it to be free!

"Guard well the gift divine,
Than gems and gold more rare;
Keep watch o'er the sacred shrine,
No foe must enter there.
Oh, let not error bind,
Nor passion rule o'er thee;
Keep the freedom of the mind,
God made it to be free!"

Forgiveness.

A SERMON, by REV. H. GOW, B.A.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."—MATT. VI., 12.

There are few virtues more insisted upon by Jesus than forgiveness; there are few virtues which are more essential elements in Christianity than forgiveness; and yet I think when we come to ask ourselves what is really meant by forgiving our enemies, we shall find it rather hard to explain just what we mean.

I want to consider with you this morning the meaning of forgiveness. Now, first of all, forgiveness is not identical with letting a man off a punishment which he has justly incurred. Suppose a man owes you money and you remit his debt, or suppose a man has done something to you which enables you to put him in prison or to disgrace him, and you keep silence and hold your hand, neither of these actions necessarily involves forgiveness. You have acted mercifully, we will suppose: it is mercy to have let him off if you can feel that it is good for him to be let off, if you feel that he has suffered enough, if you feel that his temptation has been great, and his upbringing bad, and if you feel that you are not injuring society by excusing him. This abstention under special circumstances from exacting punishment is mercy, but it

is not necessarily forgiveness. You may still dislike the man, you may distrust him, you may owe him a grudge, you may even hope that he will do wrong again, although you have let him off his debt or punishment. If we have such feelings of distrust and dislike, if we preserve a grudge against him, we cannot be said to forgive him, even though we have shown mercy to him. Mercy and forgiveness then are not the same things. In the second place, to forgive is not the same thing as to forget. If it were, then forgiveness would be often impossible, because it is quite certain that forgetfulness is often impossible. Suppose a man has stolen from you, or lied to you, or that he has spoken evil of you falsely with a desire to do you harm. It is very difficult, nay, in some cases, it is quite impossible to forget such actions all at once. I see, indeed, that a man with large interests and a full life, a man too busy and too kind and self-forgetful to dwell upon injuries to himself, will be able to forget such things much more quickly than a conceited, selfish, narrow man, who is always dwelling on his own interests. There are some people with whom it is almost a disease to cherish the memory of every grievance, of every hard word spoken against them, of every unkind deed done to them. They keep for ever open the wounds to their self-esteem, and they rejoice to remember with appalling accuracy all the wrongs, real or imagined, which have been done to them by others. Such a memory is a cause of endless misery and wretchedness, and it is partly our own fault if our memory is of such a kind. To remember things like that is a disgrace and a sin. It is the mark of a little mind, of a man whose life is empty of great thoughts and affections, it is the mark of a selfish, petty, conceited man. No man whose life is earnest, whose aims are high, and whose hands are full of work, has time to cherish such a memory. Good men and women tend to forget wrong; it is swallowed up and lost in the interests, the duties, the joys of daily life. On the other hand we must remember that there are some kinds of wrong which good men and women feel more deeply than others, and which they find it harder to forget than others. They feel wrong done to the weak and ignorant; they feel wrong done to great principles of national and moral life. They see this wrong more clearly, it hurts them more deeply, and they cannot forget it all at once. It would not be well that we should forget such wrongs immediately. Sordid minds do not notice such evil deeds, because they do not affect themselves. Men and women with a sense of justice and of the demands of righteousness notice and deplore them. Such wrongs ought to be punished; such wrongs ought to be remembered; and yet such wrongs ought to be forgiven. To forgive is, then, not the same thing as to forget. We cannot forget at once, although noble minds will forget injuries against themselves much more quickly than mean and selfish minds. But on the other hand noble minds will often take note of and remember wrong-doing which mean minds ignore or very soon forget.

What, then, is it to forgive? I was reading an article in the *Spectator* a week ago which suggested the question to me, and I will quote a short portion, which helps us to an answer. "Let us turn," says the writer, "from considering what we mean by forgiving others, and ask what we mean by forgiving ourselves. What most of us feel towards ourselves is not enthusiastic affection, nor even uniform approbation, but unfailing charity. He must be an absolutely bad man who has never condemned himself, and he must be an abnormally conceited man who has not often cursed himself for his folly." We do not, the writer means, always like ourselves or approve ourselves. We often know ourselves to be wrong, and we often think ourselves fools. "But we all seek eagerly to excuse ourselves to ourselves. We do not generalise as to our future conduct even in our humblest moods on the ground of one sin we committed in the past. We may know we have been cowards, but till the breath is out of us we shall recognise in ourselves potential heroism. A man cannot nurse a grudge against himself. Now it is this grudge which Christianity forbids us to feel against our neighbours."

In this attitude towards ourselves, which the writer in the *Spectator* calls forgiveness, we don't give ourselves up in despair, we don't wish ourselves harm, we still believe in our capacity to do better, we look at our future with hope. We quite recognise that we have done wrong in particular instances, and are angry and ashamed because we have done wrong. We have

been cowardly, or we have not told the truth, or we have done a dishonourable action. A man with any moral health will feel angry with himself, frightened at his weakness; he will feel sorry and ashamed. He may say even, "I can't forgive myself." What does he mean if he says that? I think he means he can't trust himself, he can't let himself hope to do better, he feels himself thoroughly bad, and for the moment he feels it would be hypocritical to nourish any high ideals. It means also probably that he feels he deserves punishment, and that he wishes to suffer it. But in men of any strength of character hope and confidence do return in time. They do not give themselves up in despair. They may have been cowards or dishonourable, but they know at heart that there is something in them which is not cowardly and which is not dishonourable; they know that there is something in them which loves and longs for right. They do not generalise about themselves, and put themselves down as hopeless because of even many sins.

To expect and even wish for permanent wrong-doing because a man has done wrong once or twice, or seven times or seventy times, that is the unforgiving spirit. You have been disappointed in a man, hurt by him, he has done you wrong. It may or may not be well that he should be punished for it. Punishment is quite compatible with forgiveness; but whether punished or not we must forgive him. We must hope he will do better, we must believe he is capable of doing better, we must help him with our faith in him to do better. That is what we do to ourselves. We know there is still a chance for us; we know that we are capable of a nobler life than we have lived, we have hope of ourselves, we have some confidence in ourselves, we do not give up in utter despair. But how often do we give up others, how often do we get fixed, definite, hopeless ideas of their character and their future? This man has done me wrong; he is incurably mean and dishonourable; he will go from bad to worse, I am confident—I rather hope he will. I will not touch him, I will not hurt him, but I give him up absolutely. I expect him to do wrong always, and I shall be disappointed if he does not do wrong. That is the unforgiving spirit. It injures ourselves because it lowers our thought of mankind; it makes us think of many people as irreclaimable. We give expression to daring generalizations about their corruptness, and then we cannot help hoping that our prophecy will be right, and so we actually wish them harm. Human nature is very complex, very wonderful, and we have no right to make these short and easy summaries, and to suppose that men may be completely described by a few evil deeds they have committed. We strongly object to that phrase in the Anglican Prayer Book, "There is no health in us." We feel it untrue as we say it; we think it a degrading, altogether exaggerated confession. But it is exactly the attitude which the unforgiving spirit takes up towards its enemies. There is no health in them. I judge them by what they have done; they are altogether evil, and will be always so, and I am glad of it. To forgive is to refuse to pass these hasty judgments; it is to know the depth and wonder of human nature; it is to hope for better things, to trust the nobler part of a man, and to appeal to that. When two nations have been at war, one of the greatest and hardest duties is that they should forgive each other. They have gained terribly distinct and harsh opinions about each other; they have inflicted many injuries upon each other, many acts of injustice, real and supposed, have been reported of each other. One nation thinks the other merely money-loving, grasping, tyrannical. That is all it can see, all it wants to see. It does not expect, does not hope for anything else. And the other nation thinks its antagonist cunning, untrustworthy, incapable of keeping its promises, narrow, ignorant and bigoted. Both conceptions, when applied to whole nations, are absurd and wicked, but they are none the less strong and dangerous. To forgive an antagonist is to recognise good in him, to trust him, to hope for good from him. It is to recognise that even if the charges were true, they are not the whole truth. It is to nourish large, generous thoughts of other men, and to treat them with respect.

Think, lastly, of God's forgiveness. When we ask God to forgive us, as we forgive them who trespass against us, what do we mean? We do not mean that we ask to be let off the consequences of our actions. No good man wishes to escape all the consequences of his wrong or foolish actions. No wise man thinks it possible.

We want to be restored to hope; we want to feel that we are not given up, not left to ourselves, that our sin is not final impotence and misery. The idea of hell apart altogether from its flames and tortures is a picture of endless unforgiveness. It is a picture of final abandonment. Men were in outer darkness, left alone there by God for ever; there was no hope, no possibility of recovery, no chance of doing better. God's forgiveness means not escape from punishment, but the sense amid the failure and weakness and sin of life that we might and can do better. It is the sense that God expects and helps us to rise up and live more nobly. It is a renewed call to action, a feeling of divine strength helping us, a renewed feeling of self-respect. We are not bound hopelessly by our past, we are not degraded past hope; our follies, our low thoughts, our cowardice, our indolence, bad as they are, inevitably as they lead to suffering and weakness, do not bind us in chains past hope of goodness. God's forgiveness gives us hope of ourselves again, it teaches us the divine strength of the soul, it bids us arise, and cheers us with the certainty that in spite of all our wrong-doing we are yet children of the household of God, heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ. We can yet retrieve the past, and live more worthily of all the love and blessings which have been given us.

Ulysses.*

When a little over two years ago Mr. Stephen Phillips made his *début* as a dramatist by publishing his "Paolo and Francesca," there went up such a chorus of eulogy as might have turned any young poet's brain. Not only were the real excellences of the play—and they were many—lauded in extravagant terms, but, what was much worse, the faults of the work were not noticed, and what was a highly promising experiment was treated as a mature performance, for comparison with which the names of Sophocles, Dante, Milton, Racine, and several other immortals were freely invoked. Such fulsome panegyrics, though they may gratify an author's vanity, in reality are apt to render him the worst possible service; unless he is unusually strong-minded, they will tempt him to rest contented with the standard he has attained, to accentuate his mannerisms, to leave his defects unmended. The helpfulness of criticism is in direct ratio to the measure in which it is discriminative; but the reviews of "Paolo and Francesca" which had nothing to say of its faulty dramatic technique, its occasional lapses of taste, the almost unscannable nature of some of its lines, were not helpful, were not criticism at all, and might easily have spoilt a very noble and original talent. It is the strongest testimony to the genuineness of that talent that the reception accorded to his first play did not have this effect,—that "Herod" showed a marked advance in Mr. Phillips' knowledge of the dramatist's *métier*, and that in "Ulysses," the play before us, he has touched the high-water mark of his achievements, leaving us to look forward to still greater things in that long and distinguished career which we all hope lies before him.

What is the precise significance of Mr. Phillips—his significance in and to English literature? We shall perhaps appreciate that significance when we reflect that, while during the last two hundred and fifty years the annals of our literature have been irradiated by the names of many great poets, and while they show a number—though much smaller in proportion—of capable playwrights, none of whom perhaps deserves the adjective "great," the playwrights have never been poets nor *vice versâ*. Poets have written plays, of course, in fair abundance—but only to prove that however great their poetic genius, they lacked that distinctive, and perhaps instinctive, aptitude which goes to the production of work that shall make its sure appeal across the footlights. Now Mr. Stephen Phillips is beyond all question that *rarissimus avis*, the like of whom we have not seen since the earlier part of the 17th century,—a real poet who is also a real dramatist.

This noteworthy fact he establishes the more triumphantly in his latest play by the choice of a theme which to the eye of even those not wholly inexpert of the difficulties of "dramaturgy" must present rather formidable difficulties. To convert an epic into a drama—and that epic the Odyssey—is an undertaking that might have daunted the courage of the boldest; and the present writer confesses that when the first paragraphs went the round of the papers

* Ulysses: a Drama, by Stephen Phillips. John Lane, 1902.

announcing that Mr. Phillips was writing for Mr. Tree a play based on the adventures of Ulysses, he felt that the poet was courting disaster. Well, so far has the result falsified this presentiment that Mr. Phillips stands abundantly justified, and more than justified of his audacity; for "Ulysses" is, first and last, a stage-play, well-constructed, excellently knit together; from prologue to finish the action continuously unfolds itself, unhasting, unresting, with a large and dignified movement befitting its subject; all the main and most of the subsidiary characters are drawn with a firm and skilful hand; the diction, while heroic, keeps clear of the frigid affectations of pseudo-classicism: so that, quite apart from its poetic qualities, we have here a work that will at once attract—and having attracted, will retain—the attention of a public for whom "the play's the thing."

Mr. Phillips' felicity as a dramatist is shown both in the selection he makes from the wealth of incidents that lay ready to his hand in the Odyssey—in other words, he knows what to omit—and in his departures from Homer. It was a masterly device, *e.g.*, to account for his hero's prolonged and apparently not unwilling sojourn upon Calypso's isle by a magic spell that enchantress has thrown over him; indeed, we know not by what other means sympathy for Ulysses could have been retained in the eyes of a modern audience, who would have found it difficult to reconcile the wanderer's professions of longing for home and wife with his amorous dallyings on sea-girt Ogygia. Again, from the point of view of dramatic effectiveness, it was an inspiration to make the descent into Hell follow instead of precede the episode with Calypso, as the hardest trial of all that befell Ulysses, and—we may at least infer—as an act of expiation for whatever may have been the degree of his consent to his enslavement by the fair sorceress. On the other hand, Mr. Phillips knows where he may, consistently with his scheme, follow his great original, and does so at times with all but literal faithfulness,—with what happy result, let the following (the minstrel's prophecy of doom to the wooers) attest:—

Homer, Ody xx, 351 pp.: "Ah, wretched men, what woe is this ye suffer? Shrouded in night are your heads and your faces and your knees, and kindled is the voice of wailing, and all cheeks are wet with tears, and the walls and the fair main-beams of the roof are sprinkled with blood. And the porch is full, and full is the court, of ghosts that hasten hellwards beneath the gloom, and the sun has perished out of heaven, and an evil mist has overspread the world."

Mr. Stephen Phillips:

"O wretched men! What doom is coming on ye?
What mist is this that overspreads the world?
Shrouded are all your faces in black night!
See how the feast is dabbled o'er with blood,
And all your eyes rain tears, and though ye laugh
Sweetly on me, ye laugh with alien lips!
And a voice of wailing arises and all the walls
Drip fast with blood, yea, and with blood the roof!
And the porch is full and full is the court of ghosts
And spirits hurrying hellward in the gloom,
Yea, and the light hath perished out of heaven!"

May we say, without the least implication of censure, what will be obvious to every reader of these two parallel extracts, viz., that the dramatist is here indebted not only to Homer, but to Messrs. Butcher and Lang's noble and "final" prose translation of the Odyssey?

When from the more purely dramatic we turn to the poetic side of "Ulysses," one is again and again rendered conscious of Mr. Phillips' extraordinary power of striking out vivid phrases that at once impress themselves upon the memory. The battle of words between Ulysses and Calypso is especially rich in such; the culminating "wild burst" of the hero giving vent to his passionate home-hunger, ending almost in a sob, has been quoted everywhere, and may very likely become classical. Along with this, mention must be made of the exquisite speech in which Ulysses, returned to gaunt Ithaca at last, describes feature after feature of the familiar landscape, as the sea-mist lifts. But where so many passages tempt to quotation, we must impose upon ourselves a self-denying ordinance, and select one or two only for their brevity, to justify our admiring verdict.

Here is, for instance, Athene's description of the entrance to the under-world:—

"Doth not the region even now
Strike to thy heart? These warning cypress trees,
This conscious umbrage cowering to the ground,
The creeping up of the slow, fearful foam;
Rocks rooted in the terror of some cry
That rang in the beginning of the world;
All nature frighted into barrenness.
Lo, mortal, here the very gate of death,
And this no other than the door of hell."

Or take this striking description by the god-

dess of the terrors of Hades which must be met and overcome by Ulysses:—

"Right in the threshold Hunger stands, and Hate,
And gliding Murder with his lighted face,
And Madness howling, Fear, and neighing Lust,
And Melancholy with her moony smile,
And Beauty with blood dripping from her lips."

And could a father's yearning for his child be more powerfully and at the same time more simply suggested than in this fragment of dialogue between Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, and Telemachus, who as yet is unaware of the stranger's identity:—

"*Ulys.*: I saw thy father on a lone sea-isle
Once, and he spoke thy name. *Telem.*: O what said he?
Ulys.: Only thy name. He looked o'er the wide sea,
And softly said 'Little Telemachus.'"

But we must refrain, however reluctantly, from quoting further, and send our readers to the published play itself.

In reviewing this work, our whole disposition is to praise; nevertheless we are bound to state our conviction that Mr. Phillips still takes occasional liberties with the structure of his blank-verse which are scarcely excusable. We are not thinking of such irregular but magnificent lines as these,—

"When he leapt amid them, when he flashed, when he cried,
When he flew on them, when he struck, when he stamped them dead"

but rather of others such as,—

"Never for me that sail on the sea-line . . .
Nor sudden step beside me at midnight."

which on our ear at least leave a halting and unmusical effect. Again, the poet's humour is still rather heavy, if not so heavy as in "Paolo and Francesca": Ctesippus, who is intended to be a comic figure, an elderly Ithacan beau, gets very wearisome by his continual harping upon one note, and we could have spared some of the sallies of Eumæus, the swineherd. Finally, we cannot repress the suspicion that, though the descent into Hades formed an essential part of Mr. Phillips' scheme, he has been led into over-elaboration of details by a desire to provide scope for the scenic magnificence which one associates with Mr. Tree's "lordly pleasure-house."

But these are small blemishes upon what in our judgment is a work possessing many of the qualities of greatness, an enrichment of our national literature, for which we feel profoundly grateful. We can but repeat our sober opinion that in Mr. Stephen Phillips, for the first time since the sunset splendours of Shakespeare's later contemporaries, we find ourselves in the presence of an indubitably inspired dramatic poet. That two works such as "Ulysses" and "Paolo and Francesca" should at the present moment be played nightly to crowded audiences at leading London theatres is a symptom of the utmost hopefulness to friends of the higher walks alike of poetry and the drama.

J. Warschauer.

Notes and Jottings.

The creation of divinity degrees at London University free from theological tests may be attended by some remarkable developments in theological teaching. Professor W. F. Adeney has come forward with a proposal for a United Theological School for London, which deserves very serious consideration. He is no doubt quite right in what he says of the wastefulness of present arrangements. There is no reason why all the subjects prescribed for the degree should not be taught by a neutral Faculty. Such a Faculty, drawing to itself some of the ablest scholars of the day, would do a great deal to rectify the sectarianism of theological study in England, and might before long win for itself the same kind of public recognition which is given as a matter of course to the Faculties of Berlin, or Göttingen, or Jena.

The benefits of such a scheme would certainly be very great. At present our teachers bear distinctive labels—Anglican, Wesleyan, Congregationalist, Unitarian, and there is more than a suspicion in the public mind that conclusions are arrived at on the basis of party loyalty. A united theological school, to which teachers were appointed on the ground of scholarly fitness alone, might go a long way to rescue us from this reproach. The difficulties in the way of its establishment are, of course, very serious. It must be made quite clear that the object is not to supersede the denominational colleges, but only to provide common teaching in the most efficient way. The colleges must still keep in their own hands the teaching of specific doctrine and the special training for the work of the ministry.

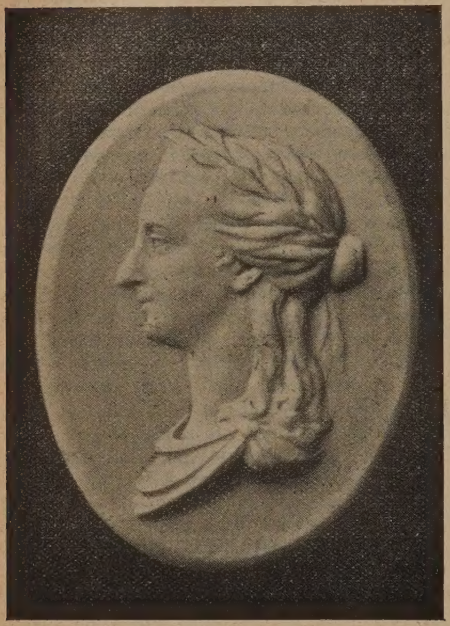
Many people, while feeling the attraction of the scheme, will still be sceptical about its possibility. Is it possible for teachers of theology holding divergent views upon many matters of importance to combine in the work of the same faculty? This, no doubt, is the crucial difficulty. Professor Adeney's own experience on the Board of Studies of the University supplies such a complete answer that we make no apology for giving his words in full. "During all our anxious and often protracted discussions," he writes, "while point after point was being thrashed out, not once has any denominational difference crossed our path, or interfered with our conclusions. It is not only the fact that all has been conducted with courtesy and good feeling; there has not even been any expression of difference of opinion on theological and sectarian grounds. This is the most remarkable illustration of the brotherhood that is enjoyed in the republic of letters that I have ever met with. I must admit that the perception of it came to me as a delightful revelation."

In the midst of the hot strife over the Education Bill, it is pleasant to note here and there signs of a temper too serious and high-minded for mutual recriminations. The *Pilot* recognises quite frankly the pressure of the Nonconformist grievance in the rural districts. Canon Scott Holland, in the *Commonwealth*, even goes so far as to advocate a universal system of public schools in which facilities should be granted to the various religious bodies to teach their own children. There are features in this suggested arrangement which we do not like. It is hard to let go the dream of a common religion simple and deep enough to be taught to all children. The picture of competing religious sheepfolds within the walls of the same school is not a very attractive one. But we are brought back to the question whether under the existing conditions of English religious life any better course is likely to be available. Canon Scott Holland's suggestion has the great advantage that it abolishes the dual type of schools, and takes the responsibility for religious instruction out of the hands of the public authority. It is based upon the sound principle that education is a public concern, over which the nation, and not the churches, must exercise complete control.

The forthcoming Wesleyan Conference is likely to be disturbed by a serious question of heresy, affecting one of its best known and most honoured ministers. Dr. Agar Beet has not been nominated to the chair of theology in Richmond College owing to the publication of his recent book on "The Immortality of the Soul." Dr. Beet's position on the condition of the lost seems to lie somewhere between the denial of eternal suffering and the acceptance of universalism. In any case it is held to be out of accord with the doctrine of the Wesleyan Methodist Church as contained in John Wesley's sermons, to which every Wesleyan minister is asked to express his adhesion once a year. Deprivation for heresy is increasingly distasteful to the modern mind, and certainly nothing could be more futile if it is meant to secure the religious efficiency of a church. But, after all, is our growing intellectual indifferentism about tests and creeds a healthy sign? Standards of doctrine, which are repeatedly re-affirmed, are meant to be believed. If a man chooses to bind his intellect never to wander outside the doctrine of Wesley's sermons, has he any legitimate grievance if he is firmly required to adhere to his bond? Dr. Beet has told an interviewer that he wants light and fresh air; and that he is fighting for an Englishman's right of free speech and the free Press. That is all very well, but he must remember that he deliberately put severe limits upon his freedom when he accepted service in a creed-bound church. Popular sympathy will probably be with him, but the ethics of the position are not so strongly in his favour.

There was a memorable scene at the Baptist Assembly when the announcement was made that the Twentieth Century Fund of £250,000 had been completed. It is a great achievement, especially for a community that can be so fitly described as a Church of the Villages. In the few moving and eloquent words which Dr. Maclaren spoke upon the subject, he referred with special gratitude to the innumerable gifts of the poor; and then, with a true instinct for the real need of the occasion, he bade his hearers take heed lest they should allow themselves, in a state of exhaustion after their great effort, to sink back into torpor.

Anna Letitia Barbauld.



[Daughter of Dr. John Aikin. Born at Kibworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, 20th June, 1743. Lived at Warrington 1758-1773. Published *Poems* 1773. Married Rev. Rochemont Barbauld 1774. Lived at Palgrave, Suffolk, 1774-1785. Removed to Hampstead 1786-1802. Stoke Newington 1802-1825. Published *Hymns in Prose for Little Children* 1811. Died 9th March, 1825. Buried in Stoke Newington Churchyard].

Mrs. Barbauld came before the world in many characters, and may be regarded, hence, from many sides. In the course of her eighty-two years she was essayist and poetess, writer of hymns in prose and verse, schoolmistress, educationalist, minister's wife, conversationalist, advocate of civil and religious liberty, defender of Nonconformity, literary celebrity, and attractive personality.

In which regard will she be remembered?

Her numerous hymns, although once so popular, are already losing their power. Dr. Martineau retained seventeen of them in his "Praise and Prayer" collection, but they are almost certain to disappear, one by one, from more modern selections until "Come, said Jesu's sacred voice" alone keeps its place; and this one is more sung in other churches than in our own. They are sincere, moral, didactic, ornamental, and full of sentiments most noble, but yet are too cold and formal, too stilted and unspiritual, too baldly unpoetical, to deeply touch or uplift the soul.

The "Hymns in Prose" deserve higher praise, and are more likely to achieve permanence. They were written to meet a distinct want, to awaken religion in the child-heart, and they have not failed in their object. Simple in expression and illustration, full of happy feeling, appealing to the sense of wonder, and the light of Nature, they have helped many a pious mother, many a wise teacher, to bring the thought of God very near. An illustrated copy of "Hymns in Prose for Little Children" should be in every home; there is no other book quite like it.

The same applies to her "Early Lessons." Very few books for young children had then been written, and Mrs. Barbauld set herself to write one, however small the task might seem. "The task is humble, but not mean," she writes in self-defence in the preface, "for to lay the first stone of a noble building, and to plant the first idea in a human mind can be no dishonour to any hand."

Of Mrs. Barbauld's poetry there is not much to say. With one small exception, it has passed away. There are some who still read, it may be, her "Address to the Deity," but the rest, for the most part, may be dismissed as merely "pretty." Written in her earlier years, amidst provincial, scholastic surroundings, and without real life knowledge, it is marked by an academic precocity and a domestic triviality which, though often graceful and playful, is never original and never instinct with soul.

Her later poem, "1811," was the far more earnest production of a public-spirited woman despairing of the state of the nation, but it called forth the *Quarterly Review's* hot disapprobation for its sympathy with the French Revolution. Miss Edgeworth wrote, on its publication, "Write on, shine out, and defy them."

But although this poem, in its turn, is forgotten, there remains the little swan song of her extreme old-age, which, both for its in-

herent merits and its pathetic interest, is not likely to perish. The "Ode of Life" has found many admirers, but none more generous than Wordsworth. Crabbe Robinson tells us in his *Journal* how Wordsworth once said, "Repeat me that stanza by Mrs. Barbauld." I did so.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear:
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time:
Say not "good night," but in some brighter clime
Bid me "good morning."

He made me repeat it again; and so he learnt it by heart. He was at the time walking in his sitting-room at Rydal with his hands behind him, and I heard him utter to himself, "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines."

While not claiming front rank for her work, and admitting that most of it is transient, Mrs. Barbauld is yet, for a different cause, sure of remembrance in our churches. Johnson is reported to have spoken of her with scorn because she had married "a little Presbyterian parson." The marriage was a truly unfortunate one, but it is her connection with our Presbyterian lineage that chiefly keeps her in our remembrance. She is the typical poetess of the old English Presbyterian Dissent, a link in the line of religious culture and freedom which unites her time with our own. Her father, Dr. Aikin, was educated for the Dissenting ministry in Dr. Doddridge's academy, and after ministering to a Leicester congregation became the principal of the academy at Warrington. Her mother, Jane Jennings, was the daughter of another Nonconformist minister who had himself been at the head of another academy at Hinckley. Two lines of academic Dissent, therefore, met in Nancy Aikin, of Warrington. And although in later years literary London found its way to her doors, and she was surrounded by many eminent friends, her happiest days were those spent in that "nursery of men for future years," the founder and forerunner of Manchester College.

If any desire to see her personal gifts and virtues inscribed in monumental marble, and will enter Stoke Newington Chapel, they will find the tablet on the wall.

FRANK K. FREESTON.

Art and Life.

IN A MEDIEVAL PICTURE GALLERY.

The Art of the Middle Ages, as I said in my last paper, sprang from Religion, and after growing with its development, declined with its decay. The greatness, for example, of such a city as Florence, one of the chief homes of Art in Europe, began with the work of the Friars. By their preaching and self-sacrificing charity, they united the ancient warring factions in a common love of the Madonna and of their city. When they had been settled in Florence for about a generation, her merchants, who had grown up under their influence, struck, in 1252, the famous gold coin, with the lily on one side and figure of John the Baptist on the other, which, as the florin, bare witness to the solidity of her credit and the sincerity of her faith. Architecture followed the new citizenship. By the end of the 13th century

Florence was beautiful with new walls and fortresses, bridges, palaces of justice, and piazzas, and the little old Cathedral of St. John, which had served as the principal place of worship for some four centuries, was supplemented by three magnificent churches. Then came the sculptors and painters. Books were few and for the few. What the common people learnt was gathered from the preacher's lips and then from carving and fresco on the church walls. *Medieval sculpture and painting commenced and reached their highest as agencies for spreading the Gospel.* And they were so *consciously.* Here is an extract from the Statutes of the Painters' Guild of Siena: "Since we are teachers to unlearned men, who know not how to read, of the marvels done by the power and strength of holy religion; . . . and since no undertaking, however small, can have a beginning or an end without (1) the power to do, (2) knowledge, and (3) true love of the work; in order that in this our calling, however unworthy, we may have a good beginning and ending, let us earnestly seek the aid of the Divine Grace and commence our labours by a dedication to the honour of the Name of the Most Holy Trinity." In this spirit worked Cimabue and Giotto, and the leading masters of Italy to Fra Angelico and Bellini, after whose time, though the science of Art increased, its fine feeling grew less and less.

Now, Giotto was, as most of my readers may know, a friend of the great poet Dante, who wrote with precisely the same motive as the painter painted, namely, as he tells us, "To make those who live in this life leave their state of misery and lead them to a state of blessedness." In the seventh circle of the *Inferno*, Dante, for this purpose, set a certain rich Paduan, Reginald Scrovegno, as a punishment for his avarice. Reginald's son Henry, a friend of Dante, resolved, in atonement for his father's sin, to build a chapel, near his house, on the site of a Roman amphitheatre or arena, dedicated to the Virgin; and, perhaps by Dante's advice, he commissioned Giotto probably to design, certainly to decorate the same about the years 1303-1306. This chapel still exists, and its frescoes, though much injured, are famous examples of early Medieval painting. They represent chiefly the lives of the Virgin and of Christ, partly Biblical and partly traditional, from the rejection of Joachim's offering to the Descent of the Spirit on the Apostles at Pentecost. Besides these there is a large picture of the Last Judgment, and fourteen symbolical figures of the Virtues and Vices. Together they make a permanent picture gallery for the people in striking contrast to a modern exhibition like the Royal Academy. The pictures at Burlington House are nearly all *secular*, pictures of society and labour, land and sea, and animals, pretty naked women, and subjects taken from heathen or medieval poetry, pictures which shew great knowledge and skill and luxury of life; at the Arena Chapel the paintings are almost entirely *religious*, crudely done and limited in range, wanting in perspective, anatomy, and light and shade, very unscientific work, but characterised by *a high endeavour*, pictures of men, and women in prayer and repentance, deeply moved by great hopes and joys and sorrows. Belief in this world, and indifference about God or a life to come, are the prominent features of the Royal Academy; faith in God and Angels and Heaven and Hell, and sense of the infinite distinction between Godliness and Sin, are the unfailing marks of Giotto's work. The least directly religious of his paintings in the Arena Chapel are more serious than the most intentionally religious in the Academy. The *Virtues and Vices* even when they contain nothing theological, are profoundly spiritual and Biblical. Take the "Injustice," for instance. It is a male figure—the only one of the series except "Folly"—a false Baron sitting in front of his castle in a wood, type of tyrannical government, or rather misgovernment. He has his refuge far away from the genial city,* among the rocks and forests so dreaded in the Middle Ages, loving the darkness of the cave and the wilderness, and fleeing from the light. See the blackness within his gateway. He clasps a long hook in his right hand and a sword in his left, wherewith to catch and slay the innocent. Notice the cruel mouth and talon tooth, suggestive of the hawk of the feudal lord and sportsman. Within the wood a merchant is robbed and his wife outraged by thieves, while armed warriors stand by with heads of beasts. The chief victims of unjust government are always industry and womanhood; and the idle rich, men in receipt of wealth and power for which they no longer fulfil a function, as at the present time, look on and by their heedlessness are brutalised.

And observe one other touch. Injustice is doubly a coward. Not only does he live away from the light, but, as *Tito* does in George Eliot's "Romola," *he wears a mail shirt under his robe. He is afraid of his friends.*

You will, no doubt, find many pictures in the Royal Academy more skilfully drawn and painted than this one; but I am afraid you will not meet with one with a tenth of its earnestness or perception of evil. E. I. F.

A White Rose.

People still talk of Jamie Shanks as having been the fool of the village. In his younger days he had read his Bible in the light which an itinerant fanatical preacher had thrown upon it, and had retired from his father's little shop to a croft far up on the hill. There few of the villagers disturbed him, but his door was open to the beggars, and at his table was a seat for any poor thing who dropped in. I could tell many stories of old Jamie Shanks, but that is not my purpose now. The shopkeepers and others in the village thought him "lost" because he never went to church. One day the gossips were busy talking round the village pump. Jamie had got married—what a strange thing that any woman could marry such a fool!—and by-and-by the village was again agitated, for Jamie had got a son. That winter was very cold. North winds, hard frosts, and deep snow came. Jamie's wife faded when the east winds blew and the snow wreaths were melting on the hill-sides; and a week or two after she had gone to rest, her grave was opened for Jamie himself to lie with her.

The baby boy was brought back to the village. "Ah," said the gossips, "it may have been well for the little thing that its father and mother died. It will be brought up decently." "Ah," said the aunts and uncles who were its guardians, "we must take special care of the boy. His blood is tainted."

Jamie Shanks's offspring inherited his name, and as the child grew up they said it was like its father. It would play by itself, singing hymns, and in due time appeared in the church choir. The boy had a good voice, but whether he had or not, he would have sung better than the others, the psalms *meant* so much to him. He had visions when he sang. Old Meg, the late minister's housekeeper, who used to sit under the pulpit, because she was so deaf, and who used to put the choir out of tune with her shrill cracked voice, stopped singing. She had protested against the boy at first. Such grand singing was ungodly. But by-and-by she gave in and said, "It's more blessed to listen now." Even the precentor sometimes found himself stopping in the middle of the psalms in order to listen. Such a voice had never been heard in the village before, and has never been since. The old people there will still speak of it to you with hands clasped and faces upturned, like the Madonnas in the pictures. And the boy was not yet six.

The village destined the youthful cherub for the church. How else could his talent be used than in preaching sermons! But a cloud often passed across his aunt's mind when people talked of the boy, and she said sadly: "But it would be a terrible thing if he did what his father did." But then the village would reply: "God did not give such grace to be wasted," and the aunt was satisfied for the moment.

Time and the railway were making the village into a town. Its harbour was a forest of masts, and with these changes came The Social Evil to settle in it. She was a poor, ugly, starved wretch—filthy, tattered, living in a hovel in a back lane. The young saint was troubled with the existence of the outcast, and his baby intelligence wondered why everyone cursed her. He would love her, he thought. He also loved Satan, because no one spoke well of the hapless being. When he saw The Social Evil he loved her all the more—she seemed so forlorn, and was so ugly. He stole a pilgrimage to her hovel, and slipped a little tract with a picture on it under her door, and ran away very happy. He followed her down the street once or twice, and began to hate all women but her. His friends went to the minister for advice. "Ah, he will be taking a croft on the hill too, and will be deserting us like his silly father," was their plaint. "No, no! The boy is much greater than his father; he will live to honour God," replied the spiritual adviser, right in a blind sort of way. But he consented to preach a sermon which everyone would know to be at attack upon the outcast. The sermon was preached, and the singer was dumb through the concluding hymn. All that day he heard strange voices

which advised him as no man would, and he dreamt of them in bed, and thought they were the words of a duet sung by the Saviour Christ and the Magician Love.

He awoke. It was still dark, for the night of winter lay long away up there. It was very quiet, too—only the low moan of the sea broke a stillness deep as the grave. He rose and went out softly, forgetting the bitter cold, never thinking of clothes. His long white night-shirt fluttering in the night winds was like angels' wings to him. He did not stop until he got to the outcast's home. The Social Evil herself opened her door to his gentle tap. He threw himself into her arms.

"Poor woman," he cooed, "I have come to love you. I am never going to go away from you. You will be my mother."

* * * * *

In the village churchyard there is a little green grave with a small white rose bush at its head. On the outskirts of the village there is a little whitewashed cottage with a trim garden in front, fragrant with thyme and sweet-briar. The woman who lives in the cottage works hard all the week; and every Sunday afternoon, boisterous or fair, she goes to the churchyard to be with the pure heart under the little green mound. M.

Stepping-stones.

The profoundest poem in our language—or perhaps in any language—regarded as a piece of spiritual history and experience begins with these lines:—

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Now what are these "stepping-stones of their dead selves?" In general, we may say they are any part of our life, or experience, which lies back of us in the past, and so is, in a sense, dead to the present; as we say, "Let the dead past bury its dead." All our past experience may be, and ought to be, a series of steps, carrying us up higher. This is the "ladder of Saint Augustine," where

"All common things, each day's events
That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds, by which we may ascend."

But, in particular, that phrase means any shock, any trial, any suffering, any wrong, which we have once succeeded in *overcoming and putting under our feet.* We were on a level with it once, or perhaps below its level. It came to us as a burden. It rested on us as a burden. If we chose to keep it hanging to us so—if we did not choose the effort of grappling with it and getting the better of it—then it remained as a clog, a burden, a bitter and weary weight, a drag to our spirit. We were crippled, hindered, held down, carried lower by it, as a man swimming in deep water who carries a useless weight. Put under foot, *the same thing* raises us up, and makes us stronger. The "stumbling-block" becomes a "stepping-stone."

No doubt we have all known persons—children, or grown men and women—who seem always to be weakened and discouraged by any such shock as I have spoken of. If it is any personal grief and trouble, they make no effort to grapple with it, or to turn their thought firmly to something else that would give them strength. If it is any fault they are guilty of, their sorrow is a weak and empty sorrow, leaving them all the more apt to do just so next time: like a drunkard, who in his hours of remorse is most pitiful and abject in his self-humiliation and confession of guilt; but at the next breath of temptation is the more apt to fall.

What is the meaning of that shock, that trouble of conscience, that sharp sense of wrong?

It is as the sting of frost. It is as the pang of fire. It is as the pinch of poverty. The pain is meant to put us in the attitude, and give us the spirit, to resist! It is by resistance that we are set on the road of recovery. There is a point where the frost benumbs us; where the fire stupefies us; where poverty makes men callous, indolent, and hopeless. But our very business is to stave it off; never to come to that point; to keep ourselves sensitive to the sting, open to the pain and shame, as the condition of a healthy resistance to it and a complete recovery from it.

There are always the two ways to take. A man finds himself in debt, for instance; and for the present he sees no way out of debt. Now he may rack and torment himself—by toil, by self-denial, by all effort an honest man can make—to bring himself clear; or he may

slide along till the pain of the shock is over, and glide on smooth and easy waters into the gulf of insolvency and ruin. He has been tripped up—once, twice—by what seemed harmless indulgence in an appetite or a pleasure. He may go on, forget all about it, and drift on the smooth broad course to degradation and despair; or he may meet the thing manfully in the face, and accept his present smart as a heavenly voice of warning. He cannot do both.

He cannot do both; and of the two the fatal way is almost sure to be the pleasanter and easier way at first. "For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. Because straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." The meaning of this moral experience is to put him in an attitude of resistance; to set the wrong thing he has done sharply over against the right thing he means to do; to make the dead past his stepping-stone to a living future.

Curiosities of Stained Glass.

Every phase of art has its beauties, its blemishes, and its curious features either of manipulation or anachronism; and in these matters, especially the latter, stained glass is no whit behind other branches of the fine arts.

Like nearly every other luxury of civilised life, stained glass originally came from the East, gradually—very gradually—working its way westward from its birthplace, Byzantium. Italy received the art, then in its crude state, and nursed it tenderly for many long years, passing it still further westward to Marseilles, and from thence it found its way to Paris—then a small but smart town, the centre of French power and learning.

It is not known with any certainty when stained glass was first used in England; and it is believed that no examples earlier than the twelfth century are extant in this country, those examples being of a very poor mosaic of somewhat inharmonious colouring — gaudy reds and blues greatly predominating. But it is not our purpose to trace the rise and decline or the resuscitation of the art of glass-painting, but simply to note curious phases and anachronisms connected with it.

Probably the early modes of producing a coloured window were in themselves exceedingly primitive and crude; but of their manner of working, the monks, who were the first glass-painters, have left us but little written evidence. But this we know: they had neither brushes, diamonds for cutting the glass, nor mills for turning out the lead for glazing with. Still, it must be confessed they turned out some very effective work, much of which can be reverently admired at the present day.

For brushes they used certain feathers from the woodcock—little spear-shaped feathers coming to a very fine point; and with these bound to wooden handles they were enabled to do very fine out-lining and cross-hatching.

The lack of brushes was doubtless the reason for the early monks leaving out all shadows and confining themselves merely to beautiful outlines. Shading came in with the advent of brushes, in the late fourteenth century.

Diamonds for cutting glass were not introduced till the reign of Elizabeth, at which period stained glass was declining; and before that era every piece of glass which went to form a window had to be cast in little clay moulds, and afterwards chipped with an iron instrument called a "grozing iron," so as to properly fit into its assigned place.

Leads were all cast in iron moulds, and were consequently tremendously heavy and clumsy in comparison with fret-lead turned out so neatly by modern machinery.

Reverting to glaziers' diamonds being unknown before the end of the sixteenth century, the writer has on several occasions been able, with this knowledge (and other expert signs) to discover frauds in so-called *ancient* stained glass. Just one instance. A pawnbroker of Canterbury, for the sum of £30, purchased six panels of painted glass which he was assured came from Canterbury Cathedral, and were of genuine fourteenth century work. A clever story of how these panels had been removed from the cathedral was concocted by the clever but unscrupulous seller, and the man of Lombardy paid for the panels; but the sudden disappearance of the seller caused him to be suspicious of his bargain. To set his mind at rest he would have an expert's opinion, and applied to the writer for that purpose. The glass was accordingly sent for inspection, and, to the poor man's chagrin, I was compelled to show him how cleverly he had been deceived.

On removing several of the sections of glass from the lead it was at once apparent that each piece had been neatly cut with a *diamond*, and the glass itself very cleverly *antiquated* by manipulating it on hot plates with hydrofluoric acid, splashes of stain, and the many "fakements" known to the clever gentlemen who produce *genuine* glass of any age, with which they "salt" the pawnbrokers' and old curiosity dealers' shops all over the kingdom. Readers should beware of those beautiful little mediæval medallions of Flemish glass which can be picked up at our seaport towns or in the cottages of Holland for a mere song. The writer has sent many a purchaser of these *ancient gems* disconcertedly away vowing dire vengeance upon their producers if only the culprits could be found! But they never are: the secret is too well kept.

Much of a startling historical nature may often be learned from the careful surveying of an old window; and probably for quaintness of conception and the transmitment of *un*historic facts the windows in St. Neots Church, Cornwall, are unique. Everyone knows the tragic death of Abel; but who can declare how the guilty Cain ended his career? One of the windows at St. Neots can expound it for you, for the event is depicted from a very ancient legend. After Cain had slain his brother he fled into the wilderness, and, living apart from his parents, became an outcast. One day Lamech, who was fond of hunting, sallied forth, with a lad to act as game-carrier, to procure some sport. By-and-by the lad noticed some large, hairy animal in a copse, and urged his master to shoot quickly before it could escape. Lamech drew his bow, and after a short interval out rolled Cain transfixed by his kinsman's arrow. One compartment of the window depicts this scene. As the crossbow was not invented for about fifty centuries after Cain's death, there appears to be a slight discrepancy of time somewhere.

In another window in this church are panels representing the creation of the world; and the Almighty Architect is shown, after making four little trees in the style of those seen in modern toy Noah's arks, in the act of setting out the starry firmament *with a huge pair of compasses!*

Then we have the Life of St. Neot, which takes up the whole of the compartments in a four-light window to represent it. Among the curious events in the life of the Cornish saint is the following: The saint receives a visit from an angel, who, for the holy man's sustenance, places three fish in the well in which he daily performs his ablutions. He is enjoined never to catch more than one fish at a time, and cook it for his meal; and so long as he does this the well will always be miraculously supplied with the trio of goldfish.

Another panel shows the saint ill in bed, and a new servant, trying to please his sick master, is cooking *two* of the fish. On being presented to the saint he is much alarmed, and orders the servant (shown in another compartment) to throw back the broiled fish into the well again. This the servant does; and another picture portrays the fish swimming about as gaily as if they had not suffered the martyrdom of St. Lawrence a few minutes before.

(To be Continued).

Summer.

Now Summer comes, on golden wing,
From sunny lands across the sea;
And wavelets, dancing joyously,
Their tingling song of gladness sing.
O, dark the Winter lay, and drear,
Upon the lonely Northland isles;
But Ocean's face is wreathed in smiles,
And life and hope again are here.
So, heart, the lights and shades will fall
And checker all the climbing way,
And Hope will chant her roundelay,
And Life anew thrill to her call;
And men will move, with faces set,
Towards the lonely heights afar
Where lightens, like the morning star,
The Cross on Heaven's minaret.

J. J. Haldane Burgess.

"Applied Religion," by *W. Winslow Hall*. London: R. Brinsley Johnson. Price 3s. 6d. net.—A considerable portion of this suggestive little book has already appeared in the *Seed Sower*. It consists of four essays on Personal, Social, National, and International Religion, and the aim of the author is to emphasise the practical side of religion as it affects these various aspects of human life. It is a healthy, breezy book, touched with the joy of life rather than its sorrow. It bravely faces the difficulty of seeing and doing the right, which is every man's trouble. The writer frankly tells us he is a "plain modern man," conscious of his own moral imperfections, who yet desires to guide his life by the light of eternal principles. If some of the practical observations are a little trivial, as those on diet, it is perhaps well to be reminded that very little things have their influence on character, and that a religion which leaves anything of human life outside its sway is hardly worth the name.

News from the Field.

The *British and Foreign Unitarian Association* had a good report to present at its Council meeting. Its aid to congregations and missions was at once substantial and impartial, as it should be. The resolution on Education was well conceived and expressed, and brought those present at the Council into line with the educationalists in the country who are striving to defeat or transform the reactionary Bill introduced by the Government.

The nomination of the *Rev. R. A. Armstrong* as President for the next year will command widespread approval, and, in many quarters, much enthusiasm.

But the announcement of the *New Hymnal* will bring a disturbing element among us. Those who use the present "Essex Hall" book will find themselves stranded, while those who were hoping for the publication of a book which might command the approval and acceptance by the majority of the Free Churches will be disheartened by this new obstacle in their way.

It is pleasing to see the new and promising effort to establish free religious services at Aberystwyth. The early stages seem to be successful, and Mr. Evans is to be congratulated upon his initiation of the scheme.

There is wide-spread sympathy with the *Rev. Thomas Leyland* in his enforced retirement from the ministry owing to serious illness. He has been an earnest worker for many years, and the traces of his work are to be found in various parts of England and in Ireland. This sympathy for him is also extended to the congregation at *Colne*.

The pen of our veteran, the *Rev. Thos. L. Marshall*, is still at work. The old editor still follows the course of thought in the world, and gives us from time to time, in our weekly papers, frequent proofs of his mental alertness and his sympathy with every progressive cause. We hope long to see the initials *T.L.M.* at the foot of many a contribution to our religious literature.

The season of Sunday School anniversaries and collections are upon us. The *North* leads the way. We hear, as a beginning, of collections at *Astley* £26 15s. 0d., at *Mossley* of £41, at *Unity Church, Bolton*, of £46, at *Heywood* of £60, and intimations from other places of similar generosity are coming in. It would be well if throughout the country similar zeal and generosity were shown.

Professor Carpenter keeps busy, and, like a true Apostle, goes wandering up and down the country carrying the Gospel with him. It must have been pleasant for the professors and students at *Carmarthen College* to hear him on "The Sacred Books of the East." The Professor is doing great service by bringing out the sympathy of religions and the real unity and brotherhood of the human race.

The *Ministerial Fellowship* is becoming an important and helpful institution among us. There are now about a hundred members, and the number is continually increased. The *President*, the *Rev. James C. Street*, at its third annual meeting, was able to speak very encouraging words.

The *Unitarian Christians* of *Ulster* have been celebrating their anniversary. They had not much work to report, but they cheered each other by re-affirming the dogmatic basis of their association, and so proceeded to enter upon a new year. We should have liked to see some scheme of work, and open windows through which new light might stream.

The *Northumberland and Durham* Association have held their Spring Conference at *Middlesbrough*. It was a live meeting. The forts are held, and lay preachers are helping the regular ministry. But more men, more money, and greater unity are needed. It is feared that the *Rev. Arthur Harvey*, the most vigorous man in the Border counties, will hardly be induced to stay much longer at Gateshead, where he has done, and is doing, one of the best pieces of work in England. But wherever he goes he will stamp the impress of his zeal and fidelity on the work he undertakes.

Darlington had a week-day visit from the *Rev. J. C. Street* on April 23rd. He had the chapel filled with a most attentive congregation representing most of the churches in the town, as well as the regular members of the Leadyard Chapel.

Down in the *West* the Union of Churches gathered at *Bath*, and held most helpful meetings. They are going on with all their work, and they have raised the sum of upwards of £1000 as a mission fund, and are setting to work to increase the same. They are setting a good example to other parts of the country, especially to the Midlands.

The great money efforts of the churches—headed by the *Wesleyans*—has had a remarkable success. The million of the Wesleyans still lacks nearly £150,000, but many are sanguine this will ultimately be obtained. The *Congregationalists* and the *Baptists*, especially the latter, have reached their goal, and are triumphing in the proof of the generosity and self-denial of their people. Have we not missed a great opportunity? Or are we waiting yet for the spark which will set us all on fire to clear off the debts on all our churches, to strengthen the hands of all our missionary workers, to raise the material status of our ministers, and to give to the world a proof that we are a living church, bringing forth the fruits of high thinking and deep religious earnestness?

SCRUTATOR.

May 14th, 1902.

There may be worship without words.

There are prayers which God in pity refuses to hear or grant.

All through life there are wayside inns, where man
May refresh his soul with Love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed
by springs from above.—LONGFELLOW.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

How to be Good.

Veins of gold in the crystal rock are sometimes pure and shining, and sometimes so thin that they can scarcely be seen. And there is a thing which everybody has, young and old, rich and poor, and it is greatest and purest in the best. It is called *Religion*. You have often heard that word, but do you know exactly what it means, My child, you cannot know too soon, for you will hear a great deal about it in your life. And wise men tell us that it is the greatest thing we can think about.

Religion is the way to know and obey God, our Heavenly Father. — The Way to be good, to be righteous; for righteousness is just right doing. This may seem a difficult and far-off thing to you, but it is really not so, for it is very simple and near. It is going on with you and me every day, although we may not have noticed it much, and may never have given it a name; for Religion is a part of us, just as living and thinking are. The vein of gold may be pure and shining, or thin and poor, but there is some of this gold of Religion in every one. We are always thinking, or not thinking, so we are always being good, or not being good, obeying, or not obeying God. To speak the truth is to obey our Heavenly Father, for He tells us to do so. So is being kind. To be cruel, or to say what is not the truth, is to disobey Him, to do something different from what He tells us to do.

All little boys and girls would like to be able to read, that they might know the delightful stories that are written in books, and some day you will be able, and I hope then that you will often read the Bible, which is the greatest of all books. But, before you can read, you should know about this thing called Religion, which is ever going on with every one of us, that you may understand the most precious thing in the world, how best to know and obey God. How it begins, how it grows, what makes it greater and stronger; how simple and full of love, joy, and peace it is. And that you may also know that the Christian Religion, the Religion of your father and mother is just *Jesus' way of knowing and obeying God*, His way to be good, and that His way is the best and simplest, the easiest and happiest for all little children. Many things have been written about the Religion of Jesus and of His way to be good, which you could not understand, and with which you need not trouble yourself, for they are so difficult to believe and so hard to follow, that they often hinder little children from loving Him and trying to be like Him, as I wish you to do. But His way is simple, joyous, easy, such as children can quickly understand, and which every child has a natural wish to know.

You have seen red roses in a garden, how they open more and more each day, growing ever lovelier and sweeter, and you like to know that it is the sun which gives them their deep crimson colour. You are like a little sheltered rose in a sunny garden,—for you know how sweet little children are with their bright faces and sunny hair,—and you will be glad to know that it is your Heavenly Father who gives little children their sweetness and joy. What He is, and how He does this, is what I am about to tell you. This is wisdom of the best, and you would like to be wise and good: for the wise King Solomon, who wrote much in the Bible for his own and other little children, says that the knowledge of our Heavenly Father and reverence for Him, are the beginning of wisdom and understanding. And King David, Solomon's father, who, when a boy, was singularly brave, beautiful, and good, says in one of his songs, which are called Psalms, that every one is happy that has God to help him, and whose hope is in Him.

You will remember, then, that Religion is the way to be good, that every day you are being good, or not being good, and that Jesus' way is the best way, a way of love, joy, and peace to all who try to be like Him.

The River.

"Oh, tell me, pretty river,
Whence do thy waters flow?
And whither art thou roaming,
So pensive and so slow?"

"My birthplace was the mountain;
My nurse the April showers;
My cradle was a fountain,
O'er-curtained by wild flowers.

"One morn I ran away,
A madcap, wayward rill;
And many a prank that day
I played adown the hill!

"And then, 'mid meadowy banks,
I flirted with the flowers,
That stooped, with glowing lips,
To woo me to their bowers.

"But these bright scenes are o'er,
And darkly flows my wave;
I hear the ocean's roar—
And there must be my grave!"